

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1813.

[NO. 51.]

Epistolary Correspondence.

(Concluded from our last.)

LORD COLVILLE TO THE HON MRS DOUGLASS

THE affectionate interest you take, my dear madam, in whatever concerns (I may say) our happy family, induces me to attempt describing the events which have occurred, since I had the honour of kissing your fair hand.

As you perused the delightful epistle, which not only raised my hopes to the highest summit of earthly felicity, but occasioned my rapid flight from the metropolis, you will naturally imagine that I did not waste many hours in travelling, and that I arrived at the castle in high spirits. By one of those fortunate events which sometimes fall to the lot of the underserving, I had the happiness of perceiving the arbitress of my future destiny strolling *solus* in that little plantation which skirts the park; and, ordering the postillions to stop, I descended from the carriage, and presented myself before her, at a moment when she supposed me many miles distant, yet she neither fainted, or fell into hystericks; though it was evident my sudden appearance produced a variety of contending emotions. Pleasure however, strikingly predominated, though feminine delicacy excited embarrassment, at our accidental meeting when she was alone; the opportunity, however, was too favourable to be resisted, and——. But I will not trespass upon your time by a love-scene, and merely say, that I disclosed a passion, which I trust, will last to the end of my life.

Oh, my dear Mrs. Douglass, did the generality of females but know how many charms ingenuousness gives to their character, and how completely the sensible part of our sex despise the subtleties of art, they would surely lay aside all that appearance of false delicacy, and allow us to read the spontaneous effusions of their heart. But I am digressing from the interesting subject; I stand corrected, and return to it with delight. My adored Charlotte no sooner heard that her mother sanctioned my proposals, than she extended towards me her inestimable hand, saying, "I trust I am not guilty of an impropriety, by assuring you that my heart and hand are closely connected."

I breathed a vow upon that hand, my friend, which, I trust, is registered in heaven; for angels might have listened to the purity of my intent. Time, at that moment, might with justice be said to fly upon the wings of love; but my Charlotte reminded me, that the carriage would reach the castle, and call forth surprise, or solicitude, in the breast of my beloved mother. We hastened forward, and met the family party, whom delicacy prevented from making any remark; though the blushing cheeks of my adored Charlotte told a tale to the circle, probably more impressive than words.

You have frequently, my friend, heard my opinion of long courtships, and therefore will not be astonished at hearing I pleaded for an early day; the arbitress of my fate, however,

was inexorable, and I was forced to apply to an auxiliary; this was no other than the countess, who arrived at the castle last Tuesday, wholly unexpected by her daughter: but stratagems are allowable in love as in war. As you are no stranger, my dear madam, to the flattering reception my proposals of marriage met with from that exalted woman, (who, I may truly say, adds dignity to the rank she bears), you will not be surprised at hearing, that instead of repressing the ardor with which I implored her amiable daughter to name an early day for the completion of my earthly bliss, she used her utmost influence over her, and though the dear reluctant girl at length consented to our united solicitations, yet I could not help thinking she did it with a bad grace; but as I was aware that an obliged person ought never to murmur at the manner in which an obligation is conferred, I did not venture to complain.

I must, however, my dear madam, endeavour to give you a description of the events which have occurred within the last week at the castle, in a more methodical manner than I seem to be doing, or you will have reason to regret the little accident which has happened to my dear mother, and which induced her to appoint me secretary upon this important occasion. The accident I allude to, however, might have been serious, and the pain occasioned by it, at the moment was severe; but, thank God, my excellent parent is not likely to feel any other inconvenience from it than the loss of her thumb nail. The wind was excessively high yesterday morning, and my mother, in passing through the park-gate, was not aware of its force when the air was in a contrary direction; it recoiled upon her unexpectedly, struck her forcibly upon the shoulder, and by some means squeezed her thumb against the post.

Having now assigned the reason for officiating as amanuensis, permit me, my dear madam, to revert to the descriptive part, and tell you, that last Saturday made me the happiest, and, I think, the most enviable of mankind. My mother made you acquainted with the disinterested proposals Lord D——ford had made Louisa; but those proposals the dear girl unhesitatingly rejected: Barker's hopes were of course rekindled by that rejection, and he then formally made my sister an offer of his hand. My Louisa behaved like an angel upon the occasion, and candidly acknowledged, that she preferred him to any other man; and it was finally agreed, that my friend's happiness and mine should be completed on the tenth of next month. An unexpected event, however, accelerated the blissful moment: Barker, without solicitation, was appointed to a seventy-four gun ship, instead of the frigate he commanded, which at that time was refitting. Unalloyed happiness, however, is not to be the lot of mortals; for he received orders to take possession of his new appointment in five days; and could I have divested myself of the pang occasioned by separation, I should have hail

the event, which was likely to put me into immediate possession of my prize; for it had been previously determined, that the indissoluble knot should be tied before my friend left the castle, and that we were both to become benedicts at the same time.

Neither of the intended brides raised the slightest objection to the ceremony taking place immediately; and a present of twenty guineas to the lawyer's clerks, induced them to turn night into day, or in other words, to continue at the necessary employment without remission, until the settlements were completed. Mrs. Pemberton arrive the day preceding our auspicious nuptials: as her dejected daughter could not bear the idea of witnessing a scene of joy, after having so recently been an active performer in one of unfeigned sorrow, no one attempted to alter the too susceptible girl's resolution; for so completely dejected are her spirits, that we actually all caught the melancholy infection, and I have frequently felt the tear of sympathy start into my eyes, whilst silently witnessing the tears of sensibility rapidly chase each other down her pallid cheeks.

Miss Oglevie, a particular friend of Lady Charlotte's, accompanied the countess to the castle; and the Three Graces, as I always termed Sir William Sidney's daughters, joined them on the following day. As every species of show and ostentation, my dear madam, is wholly uncongenial to my feelings, I experienced no slight degree of gratification, at hearing my beloved Charlotte request the ceremony might be completely private. The young ladies, whom I have mentioned, were our guests, and, consequently, officiated as bride-maids; and my worthy tutor tied the indissoluble knot; the old steward acted as father, for which, after the ceremony, I presented him with a draft upon my banker for one thousand pounds.

As our respective marriages were fixed for the tenth of next month, even the servants had not the slightest suspicion it would take place before that period; by which means the too dear girls avoided a thousand nameless embarrassments, which minds truly delicate, consequently must feel. Both my respected tutor and the worthy steward were frequently and almost daily visitors at the castle, and, as I was in the habit of reading to the ladies in the library in the morning, the ceremony was performed there without exciting suspicion in the breasts of the domestics. The carriages had been previously ordered, and, as soon as it was concluded, we took one of the most delightful drives I ever recollect enjoying; the day was not sultry: we were serenaded by a numerous choir of warbling songsters, far sweeter to our ears than the sound of the village bell. Neither my beloved mother or the countess partook of our enjoyment; they had both, doubtless, been employed during our absence in offering up prayers for our happiness; for though a smile of tranquility sat upon their expressive features, I could easily discern that both had been weeping.

"I am not yet, my dear madam, completely the man of fashion, or, to speak more plainly, do not think a French valet a necessary appendage to a man of rank; in short, honest Tom Jones, who accompanied me in my first voyage, has been elevated to the station of attending my person. I should also add, that I am not yet become so helpless as to require the assistance of a less stout fellow to put me to bed; Jones, consequently, merely places my things in order, but never accompanies me when I retire to bed. Somnus* and I, however, have entered into so strong a league of friendship, that Jones has hitherto been under the necessity of breaking it; and going to my apartment on the morning after my marriage, for the purpose of performing his accustomed duty, the attached fellow actually alarmed the house, by the terror he expressed at finding the bed unoccupied, and my dressing gown, &c. &c. missing. A ludicrous scene, I assure you, followed; but the secret of course was necessarily disclosed; and the joy the poor fellow displayed, at finding me in the land of the living, could not easily be painted by words.

My dear mother has this instant been peeping over my shoulder, and chiding me for introducing such a humble personage as poor Jones; but knowing that both you and the doctor, my dear friend, enjoy a fit of laughter, I will give you leave to enjoy it, either at Jones's or my expence. "Let those laugh who win!" says the adage; and, I think, I of all men have a right to enjoy that privilege, for what a coincidence of fortunate events have, within a short space, fallen to the lot of your happy friend. May that glorious Being, who has so graciously heaped these undeserved blessings upon me, endow me with gratitude to feel, and humility never to abuse his gifts; for how often do we find a sudden transition of fortune totally change the character of man. It is my prayer, that I may possess those blessings no longer than I know how to make a proper use of them; yet, with such a mother as I possess, to point out the proper objects of benevolence, and with such a wife, to aid me in the distribution of the Almighty's gifts, I think I must be the most frail of humane creatures, if I do not dispose of them in the manner they are intended.

The present party, my dear madam, all unite in affectionate wishes to the doctor and yourself, with your truly devoted friend, and humble servant,

COLVILLE.

* The God of Sleep.

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF M. IMBERT.

(Concluded from our last.)

MADAME D'Erimont, equally amazed, and ignorant to what motive she might attribute this unlooked-for visit, replied, that "she should be happy to receive him." D'Erimont immediately went to her apartment, and after politely expressing a hope that he did not incommode her, took a seat. The usual compliments passed on both sides, they conversed on indifferent subjects, fashionable scandal, and the politics of the day; each had wit, and by degrees the chat became lively. At length it grew late, and D'Erimont, with some degree of embarrassment, demanded permission to sup with her. Madame replied gaily, "With all my heart; but I fear you will make an indiffer-

ent repast." It was soon served, and D'Erimont found it delicate, though not sumptuous—in fact, he seemed as if he had formed a new acquaintance; and the novelty charmed him so much, that he felt ashamed to mention the original purpose of his visit.—Madame D'Erimont looked at her watch—in polite society this is a hint for guests to retire—and D'Erimont took it as such; they parted better pleased with each other than either expected.

"On the following evening D'Erimont was engaged to a concert, but, having an hour to spare, he resolved on paying a visit to Madame, and, at the same time, to make the request he had meditated the evening before. Madame D'Erimont received him with pleasure; and on his enquiring if she had it in her power to accommodate him with a small supply of cash, for an immediate necessity—she, without hesitation, presented him a purse, containing a hundred Louis d'ors. Such prompt compliance flattered and pleased him—he found it impossible to take an abrupt leave after such a favour—and this evening passed in the same manner as that which preceded it, notwithstanding D'Erimont's previous engagement.

"The next evening D'Erimont had no engagement, and to prevent the time from passing heavily, he again requested permission to sup with Madame. With her usual condescension, she assented; and the conversation was more animated than ever. In the midst of their supper, D'Erimont said, laughing, "You can hardly imagine, Madame, how much you have improved since your marriage."—"My marriage," replied Madame D'Erimont smiling, "I really believe my marriage took place much about the same time as your's, yet I cannot return the compliment." D'Erimont coloured. "You are right, Madame; yet you are more agreeable than ever."—"Such a compliment, three years after marriage, is really very flattering," said Madame D'Erimont. "And it is but justice for me to say, that I should think the same of you, but that my opinion of you, at that period, admitted not of improvement." The hours seemed to fly in this agreeable intercourse; at last Madame D'Erimont rising, and going to her cabinet, said, "I fear you thought me niggardly last night, what I gave was not sufficient for a temporary embarrassment; do me the favor to accept this," tendering him another purse. Though equally in want of cash, delicacy prevented D'Erimont from accepting it. "You distress me," said he, "I came hither merely for the pleasure of your society; I would not inconvenience you for the world."—"You need not fear that," replied Madame D'Erimont, "I live very frugally, and have always sufficient by me for exigencies."—"Heavens! Madame, how do you manage?"—"I will tell you," said she, "but no—do me the honour to take your chocolate with me to-morrow, and I will shew you my little plan of economy." D'Erimont promised, and departed. The first part of the night was passed in unpleasant reflections on his own thoughtless extravagance, which had irretrievably involved his affairs, and now threatened to overwhelm an amiable woman, whose merit he had learned almost too late to appreciate. The morning came: D'Erimont was punctual to his engagement, and Madame received him with welcoming smiles. She looked almost more lovely than the evening before; dissipation had not robbed

her cheek of its natural bloom, pleasure dimpled her cheek, and her eyes shone with the brilliancy of good humour. D'Erimont saluted her cordially, then took his chocolate, and reminded her of her promise. She threw open the door of an adjoining room, called "Henrietta," and in a moment a lovely blooming girl rushed into her arms. Turning to D'Erimont, she exclaimed, "This is my plan of economy; for her I have relinquished every other pursuit; for her I save all!"—Tears of maternal fondness filled her eyes, and, melted by the scene, D'Erimont threw his arms round them both, and exclaimed, "This is my child! for her I will do the same."—From that moment D'Erimont became in reality the best of husbands.

Thus, by complacent kindness, and proper address, Madame D'Erimont reclaimed him from habits of dissipation, into which he would have plunged deeper, had harshness or levity, on her side, been substituted for that amiable gentleness, which ever finds its way to the generous heart. Perhaps few women would have had the stoicism of Madame D'Erimont; we hope few have occasion to exercise it: but to those who have, the lesson may be salutary, and we have little doubt of its infallibility.

MANNER IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE BROUGHT UP IN RUSSIA.

THE purity of the air, their simple way of life, abundance of food, the frequent use of butcher's meat, and perhaps also that of hot baths, cause the Russians to attain their full growth at an earlier age than the natives of other countries. The young Russian marries in the presence of his father and grandfather, and the latter, like the patriarchs of old, frequently enjoy the happiness of seeing themselves surrounded by a numerous progeny of grand-children and great grand-children. As soon as an infant comes into the world, it is suspended in a basket by four cords, to the ceiling. This is the cradle in which it spends the first months of its life; but the female peasants often take it abroad with them in a small cart a very few days after its birth.—Mothers suckle their children themselves; but if they are too weak, they have recourse to the following singular expedient. To the end of a small pipe they tie a cow's udder, which may be had in every market in Russia, because prodigious numbers of cows are annually killed there, and from the severity of the climate all kinds of meat, especially such as has been salted, will keep for a great length of time. The mother provides herself beforehand with a salted udder, and having fastened it to the end of a pipe, she hangs up this apparatus against the wall, in such a manner that the child can reach the teats with its lips.—She pours cow's milk into it from above, taking care to give this beverage the natural degree of warmth, and to mix water with it, if the child happens to be but weakly. She gradually diminishes the proportion of water, and the infant is suckled perfectly well by this expedient. The excellent air of the country to which it is early exposed, contributes considerably to its growth and health. When it begins to make use of its limbs, the mother sits it down on the grass to crawl about as it pleases, and in her absence its grandmother and little brothers and sisters take care of it by turns. In the country in particular, fraternal affection is a predominant virtue of the Russians. If

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

A Boston paper of April 20, contains the following late intelligence from France:—On Sunday the schr. Spark, capt. Reed, arrived at Hyannis, from Rochelle, after a passage of 28 days. Capt. R. informed, that the people in Rochelle were very much dissatisfied with Bonaparte, particularly the French Generals: and that Bonaparte was endeavoring to raise an army of 600,000 men to go again into Russia.

There was a fleet at Rochelle of 13 sail of the line, ready for sea; destination unknown; probably for America.

It is stated in the Boston Daily Advertiser of Monday, that on the preceding day, a requisition of 120 men of the Constitution's crew, 6 officers included, was made by the order of government, for the purpose of manning our vessels at Sackett's Harbour. Fifteen stage coaches, it is said, were employed to convey them to the place of their destination. Two hundred infantry, it is added, were ordered to the same place.

It is no doubt important, that during the approaching summer, we should have skilful and experienced mariners upon the Frontier Lakes.

A letter from New-London, April 19, says, "There were brought in here last evening, a smack, a lieutenant, a midshipman and eleven seamen, of the Ramillies 74, Sir Thomas Hardy. They were captured by some volunteers, who went out from this place yesterday for the purpose. The midshipman is son to Admiral Freemantle."

Another letter of April 19th, says, "It is stated that the British have two smacks, besides Block Island Boats, cruising in the Sound. Three ships are in the offing this day. We begin to be much alarmed."

Accounts from Savannah, state, "that there have been two privateers off the Bar, which have made some captures; and that one of them, the sloop Caledonia, had been captured off the bar, by the government schr. Nonesuch, and brought in. The schr. in company escaped."

The ship Harmony, of Philadelphia from Calcutta has arrived at New-Bedford, after a narrow escape from capture.

The following is from Poulson's Philadelphia Daily Advertiser:—The blockading squadron in the Delaware have sent up to Bombay Hook three schooners and two barges, which intercept every thing bound up or down the bay. On Sunday they burnt an oyster boat, and another vessel laden with clay.

A letter from Baltimore, dated the 16th instant, mentions that all was bustle there, in consequence of the appearance up the bay of the British squadron.—The directors of the bank had a meeting, and agreed to move the specie of the bank to Lancaster. Goods, and other valuables were removing to the country.

The inhabitants of French-Town were also busy in removing their effects. The shores on both sides were lined with people in arms.

A letter from Hampton, says, that about two weeks since, during a calm, 9 gun boats under the command of capt. Stewart, of the Constellation, came out from Norfolk, and went as low down as Old Point Comfort, for the purpose, it was said, of attacking a 74. The 74 on perceiving the boats, fired a gun, when the boats returned to Norfolk.

A band of smugglers have settled themselves on an island in Lake Barataria, 40 miles from New Orleans. They set at defiance, the whole power of the country. They have an admiralty court, and condemn all property brought in except French. Gen. Wilkinson was preparing a force to send against them.

A boat which went from the frigate Constellation on the 16th inst. upset in a squall, when Lieut. Briggs, and Midshipman Phillips, being in the boat, were drowned.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE MUSEUM.

As the 1st. vol. of the New Series of the New-York Weekly Museum will be completed the 1st day of May next, the Editor respectfully informs his subscribers in this city and other places, of the same, in order that they may signify, in season, their intention of continuing their patronage—a patronage, he is happy to say, which evinces the approbation of the public; and which, he trusts, he will ever continue to merit, by an assiduous attention to business, with the most lively sentiments of gratitude for all favours.

We shall commence the next volume with a very interesting and pleasing work, which will be continued.

To those who may wish to see our terms of subscription, we shall merely state that the Museum is published every Saturday at Two Dollars per annum, by James Oram, at (after the 1st of May) No. 70 John, corner of Gold-street. City subscribers, to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole in advance; and it is a positive condition, that all letters and communications, come free of postage.

Those of our subscribers in town, who are about moving the 1st of May, will please to leave their address at the office previous to that time, in order to insure the careful delivery of their papers.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

In the sonnet addressed to Sleep, the last line should read

"Which all my powers insinuating steals."

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Geissenhainer, Mr. Henry A. Heiser, to Miss Christina E. Shonnard, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Shonnard, all of this city.

By the Rev. John H. Clark, Mr. Samuel Findley, Student of Divinity, to Miss Margaret Ross.

At the Friends Meeting-House, Wrightstown, Penn. Richard Loines, merchant of this city, to Sarah Hopkins of the former place.

At Albany, by the Rev. Dr. Neile, Mr. M'Conehey, formerly of this city, to Miss Catharine Hallenbake, of Albany.

Obituary.

DIED,

After an illness of 6 days, John K. Furman, printer, aged 36 years.

Mr. Samuel Campbell, sen. aged 77 years.

Mrs. Mary Finke, aged 26 years, wife of Mr. John C. Finke.

Mrs. Elizabeth Caulley, wife of Mr. Alex. Caulley, aged 60 years, of an illness of 8 days.

Miss Helen Brasher, daughter of Gasherie Brasher, deceased, in the 17th year of her age.

After a few days illness, Mr. Riker, aged 29 years.

In the 22 year of her age, Miss Margaret Fawcett.

In consequence of a wound, received from the accidental discharge of a pistol, George Charles Herford, Esq. Cashier of the State Bank at Newark, in the 32d year of his age.

At Hartford, Conn. on the 18th inst. Mr. Wm. Shortman, printer, aged 73 years.

The city inspector, reports the death of 94 persons, in this city, from the 3d to the 17th instant; being two weeks.

From the Philadelphia Freeman's Journal of Tuesday last.

"A great Man is fallen in Israel."

It is with the deepest regret we announce to the citizens of Philadelphia, and to the world, the loss of Dr. Benjamin Rush, who died yesterday afternoon, at 20 minutes past 5 o'clock, of the prevailing typhus fever.

His death is a public and private calamity.

In him, Science has lost one of her most distinguished Sons; Philanthropy, a Brother; the United States, a Patriot of the Revolution; the sick, the afflicted, and the poor, ah! how uncalculably great is their loss of this most beloved Physician, who, like the Good Samaritan, went about to the last, doing good, and administering to the body as well as to the soul.

It has pleased the Almighty to take him from us. While we bow with submission to the heavenly mandate, we must long, very long, deeply deplore so afflicting a dispensation.

the infant is healthy, it is accustomed, when six months old, to gruel, and by degrees to vegetables and meat, which is of excellent quality all over Russia, especially in the towns. Its clothing is simple and adapted to the climate, and consists only of a long gown of blue linen cloth, unless the weather be very severe. In autumn it is changed for a woollen one, made long and wide. It is usually the mother and her daughters who weave all the cloth that is required for the consumption of the family. Children who are strong enough to assist their parents in occupations abroad, wear in summer a long linen dress. In the villages all the children go barefoot and bareheaded, except in the coldest days of winter, and it is not uncommon to see them run without shoes through the snow. In winter when they go abroad they usually wrap themselves up in a sheep's skin; the older ones tie strips of woollen cloth round their legs, and wear shoes made of bark. Stockings are not used by the country-people, and boots are worn only by such as are in rather easy circumstances.

Cleanliness is an object of the solicitude of even the poorest peasant. Accustomed from his infancy to bathe at least once a week, the young Russian is obliged to change his clothes on coming out of the bath, and his whole dress consists only of a pair of linen trousers, which reach down to his ankles, and a long gown.—Nothing restrains his motions; his body is left at full liberty to grow. As soon as the child can walk alone, he is suffered to play with his little companions, and to take as much exercise as he pleases. Knowing that his parents have not time to be always at his heels, he learns to trust to his own eyes, and to consult prudence in all he does. In the towns the children enjoy another advantage which they have not with us. With the exception of Petersburg, each house consists of but a ground-floor only, or at most of that and a first floor, which is occupied by the master, while the servants live underneath him. According to a very wise decree of the empress Catherine, every house must have a court-yard and a garden of about three hundred square fathoms. Hence you may infer that the young Russians have always plenty of room for exercise, and can at all times breathe a wholesome air. In summer all the children of a village or town collect in the river; for there is scarcely a place in Russia but what is situated near a stream. They can all swim, and it is very rarely that an accident happens on these occasions; so true it is that those who are early familiarized with danger are best able to avoid it. The severity of the cold, instead of interrupting the diversions of the children in the open air, only serves to give them more variety; for when the ground is covered with ice and snow, they amuse themselves with building small sledges, skating, making men of snow, and forming ice-hills, down which they slide from top to bottom. In the country the girls join the boys in these sports. Nobody thinks of forbidding youth these their favourite amusements; parents remember their own juvenile years, and observe with delight the joy of their children.

DIVINITY

IS a noble employment for man; it draws aside the curtain that darkens a prospect of the invisible world, and discovers what man is by nature, and what he ought to be by grace.

Seat of the Muses.

MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul! for bright Aurora now,
Forth issuing from her roseate bower, unfolds
The portals of the East. At her approach,
The shadowy phantoms of the night retire,
And, faintly shrieking, melt in air away!

Ambrosial morn, in comely smiles array'd!
The good all hail thee, harbinger of joy:
And, by soft slumber's pleasing pow'r refresh'd,
Gaze on thy beauties with desiring eyes!

Not so the wretch, whom blood-stain'd murder leads
To blackest crimes: who in the midnight hour,
When awful stillness 'midst the gloom prevails,
Prowls o'er the dark brown heath: his ruthless soul
On horrid thoughts intent. Soon, soon he hears
Some way-worn traveller's rapid footsteps beat
The lonesome path, by fearful haste impell'd.

Full in his track, low couch'd upon the ground,
The murderer waits, while guilty terrors shake
His palsied frame: now, now, with sudden start,
He on his victim flies; and 'midst a storm
Of oaths and dreadful blasphemies, that shock
A Christian ear, the dreadful trigger pulls
That sends the traveller to a better world!

But mark th' assassin, when his haggard eye
Beholds approaching dawn. Thus Satan look'd,
When first in Eden's blissful walks he spied
The faultless pair; and when his hateful view
Shout envious glances at the orb of day!

To shun thy piercing beams, oh, holy light!
Wrapt in his cloak, the murderer scowling flies
To caves, where Darkness holds her mournful reign;
Where the lorn screech-owl broods—and where ob-
scene,

The loathsome toad spits poison all around!
There on some rugged flint his head reclin'd;
His limbs recumbent on the earth's cold bed;
To thee he sues, refreshing Sleep! to seal
His eyes in sweet forgetfulness of care:

But sues in vain: for thou art seldom near,
Oh, gentle slumber, when the guilty sue!
Or if at length, kind Sleep, thou dost obey
The frequent call, what form dost thou assume!

Say, dost thou flit upon the dove's soft wing,
Sweet pow'r of slumber, or more soft descend
From heav'n in semblance of the balmy dew?
Alas, avenging power! Thou art not borne
Upon the dove's soft wing, nor dost thou come
Like balmy dew from heav'n; but dost assume
A form terrific, that appals the soul!

Thou seem'st a fury of the days of old—
A wrinkled hag—whose head is cover'd o'er
With snakes, that, hissing, twine in lieu of hair!
One hand a mirror holds—the other wields
A scourge, whose stripes inflict unnumber'd stings,
From serpents coil'd in many a deadly fold!

E'en now his crimes, a dreadful host! appear
In dire array, before his half clos'd eye,
Reflected by thy glass—trembling he sees
The ghastly forms of bloody spectres rise,
All horrible to view! Now, now resounds
The living scourge: full on his breast it falls—
While from the viper's baleful jaws distils
A fiery venom, fraught with sharpest pangs,
That ever and anon avenging pours
Hell's keenest terrors on his fleeting soul!

So fare the wicked! But the good enjoy
The soul's calm sun-shine and the bosom's peace.
No guilty terrors haunt their placid minds:
There white-robb'd Innocence and Virtue dwell.
Soft lies the pillow 'neath their dauntless head;
Sweet is their sleep, serene their waking hour.
With thee, bright Morn! their pure devotions rise,
In holy raptures to the Lord of Heav'n!

Now all is life—Reviving nature now
Wakes from her trance; and first, the tuneful lark,
High on Aurora's earliest beam upborne,
Carols her peans to the fount of day,
In notes of sweetest, wildest melody!

Refulgent orb! how shall a muse unskill'd
Profanely dare to sweep the hollow'd strings
Of poesy divine! how hope to sing,
With half the fire the glorious theme demands,
The dazzling splendours of thy shining course:
With trembling hand I strike the quivering wire,
An humble muse, a bard unknown to fame!

Immortal Thomson! oh, had I the pow'r,
Like thee, to charm the world's delighted ear,

And bid the host of waring passion move
Obedient to my lyre! Like thee to trace
The wonders which creative Wisdom wrought,
In boundless mercy, for ungrateful man!

Then should my soul, high-poised on rapture's wing,
Dart thro' the realms of trackless space, and send
Her eagle view to nature's utmost bound!

But ah! how vain the wish: the sacred Nine
By me are courted, woo'd by me in vain!
The laurel too, with endless verdure crown'd,
Ne'er, ne'er shall cheer me with its soothing shade!

Yet, when a scene, with such bright glories fraught,
Bursts on my view; oh, how can I forbear
To speak the raptures I so well can feel!

See! with what silent pomp yon globe of fire,
Slow from his bed of waters 'gins t' emerge
Sublime. Ting'd with his golden beams, the East
Reflects a crimson blush o'er half the sky;

While, brighter far, his active rays below,
Sport on the bosom of the deep, and flash
In streamy sparkles o'er the vast profound!

[To be continued.]

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

PIGRAM ON BONAPARTE'S LAST SPEECH.

WITH a million of soldiers—cries Nap in a rage,
Those vile Russian Boors I'll chastise, and engage
To their own frightful climate terrific to send 'em,
(Which frights me to think of) or else I'd attend 'em.

M. A. W.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Bony—with Murat, Massena, and Ney,
I surely the Russian will cut off;
But retreating to France, he exclaims with a sigh,
The Russians, I find, have Kut-us-off.

Morality.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE CYNIC.

"Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool.
"And wit in rags is turned to ridicule."

IN the present age of enlightened folly,
while wealth is the only criterion of merit and
wisdom, in vain may a man destitute of riches,
endeavour, by a course of virtue and honesty,
to acquire the respect of the purse-proud man
of fortune, or the debased sycophant who bla-
zens his praise. When persons of this des-
cription are introduced to a stranger, his dress
is first minutely considered—is he rich? This
discovered, their conclusions are immediately
drawn; if poor, though sensible, he is disre-
garded with the most chilling contempt; if
rich, though a coxcomb, courted with the most
flattering applause: what then, shall wealth
alone purchase esteem? are virtue and mental
complishments of no estimation? Shall a heap
of earthy silver attach more respect to its
possessor, than the most shining virtue, or
elevated mind? Is there no dignity in huma-
nity simply, that would make merit consist
solely in riches? Yet how many upstart cox-
combs are there with heads, senseless as the
dross they venerate, who conceive no merit,
nothing worthy of respect, can exist distinct
from riches: merit, in their opinion, is inse-
parable from, and synonymous with a fashio-
nable and costly apparel, and a purse of silver;
thus evincing the illiberality and narrowness
of their minds, and sacrificing mental refine-
ment to external show and weight of purse;
or, in other words, balancing sense against sil-
ver. For the honor of human-nature, how-

ever, I am happy to acknowledge many ex-
ceptions to the above-mentioned class. Men
who know that poverty simply, can never de-
tract from merit and sense. Men who respect
their fellow creatures, according to their mental
deserts. Men, who can make no distinction be-
tween the decrepid beggar, and "his honor"
who lolls in his carriage, provided they are
equally virtuous and deserving of respect.
Men who do not, injure their consequence by
associating with virtue, although in the garb of
indigence.

LANGDON

Anecdotes.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re.

Sweetly in the manner, but firm to the purpose.

IT is a received opinion that Frenchmen are
peculiarly practitioners of Lord Chesterfield's
axiom of the *Suaviter in modo*, and we all
know that the *fortiter in re* is the attribute of all
countries. But never was the expression of
the noble Earl more completely satirised than
in the case of a French mechanic of this place,
who had imbibed, as it were by birth, the pe-
culiar character of his nation. There was a
cat who infested his shop, and having little or
no claims upon his favour, either from its per-
sonal appearance or its ever intrusive visits.
He one day rose to expel the hateful object
from his quiet premises, and in the very soul
of a Frenchman, did it with—"Get out you
nasty beast—my dear." *Suaviter in modo*,
sed fortiter in re, thought I.

SWIFT, in his journies on foot from Dub-
lin to London, was accustomed to stop for re-
freshment, or rest, at the neat little ale-houses
on the road's sides. One of these, between
Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly dis-
tinguished by the sign of the *three crosses*, in
reference to the three intersecting ways,
which fixed the site of the house. At this the
dean called for his breakfast: but the landla-
dy, being engaged with accommodating her
more constant customers, some waggoners,
and staying to settle an altercation which un-
expectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and
inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he
took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on
every pane of glass in her bettermost room:

TO THE LANDLORD.

There hang three crosses at thy door:
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

GARRICK, attending the rehearsal of *Ve-
nice Preserved*, when a new actress highly re-
commended to him was to make her debut in
Belvidera she repeated that tender exclamation,
"Would you kill my father, Jaffier?" with so
much *sang froid* in her voice and countenance,
that, after several attempts to set her right, he
whispered her nearly in the same tone, "Can
you chop cabbage, madam?"

IF you wish to be comfortable, marry at
thirty a woman of twenty-one. You will not
then be in danger of your children treading
too closely upon your heels.